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1916

EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN XIX

**SONG COLLECTION**

FOR USE IN

**TEACHERS' INSTITUTES**



OFFICE OF  
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION  
RALEIGH, N. C., 1916





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THE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION  
RALEIGH, N. C., JUNE, 1916

The hymns included in this collection are old favorites. The music plates were kindly loaned by the American Book Company and by Silver, Burdett & Co. The selections furnished by the American Book Company were taken from "Songs of Seasons," by Mary Best Jones; those by Silver, Burdett & Co., from "The Common School Book of Vocal Music."

Singing should form an important part in the institute, not only at the opening exercises, but from time to time during the day, as occasion may warrant. The patriotic hymns, especially, should be learned by the teachers. In addition to the patriotic hymns of America, the teachers should be familiar with those of France, England, Germany, and Scotland.

The "Plan of Rote-Song" was prepared at my request by Miss May R. B. Muffy, teacher of Public School Music and Voice in the East Carolina Teachers Training School.

J. Y. JOYNER.,

*State Superintendent of Public Instruction.*

## PLAN OF ROTE SONG

Book in the hand of teacher; children listening.

1. Teacher sing song through; class listening.
  2. Informal talk about meaning of song, teacher questioning individual pupils.
  3. Teacher sing song through again, and as many times as may be necessary to make clear the meaning of song to class.
  4. Teacher sing first phrase of song several times; children listening to melody and meaning of song.
  5. Class imitate teacher and sing first phrase; teacher listening. If mistake occurs, let the teacher sing phrase again, setting the example for imitation.
  6. Class sing again, until first phrase is learned correctly.
  7. Teach the second phrase in the same way.
  8. Sing two phrases together several times.
  9. Class imitate.
  10. Teach the third and fourth phrase in the same way; then entire song.
- Class must listen and imitate. Teacher must listen and correct. Do not teach words of song apart from the melody; the meaning and melody of a song must always be given together.

### ESSENTIALS OF GOOD SINGING.

1. Correst position.
2. Deep breathing.
3. Strict attention to leader.
4. High pitch.
5. Light soft tone.
6. Rhythm—strong accent.
7. Correst pronunciation.
8. Careful attention to bringing out the thought of song.

The plan given is an outline for the teacher's help in giving songs, and is given as briefly as possible. It indicates the formal steps in singing; and teachers are expected to translate these formal suggestions into natural terms of *self-expression* for the children. Children entering school have a decided desire for vocal self-expression; are sensitive to sounds, and have a natural love for music.

These favorable conditions should be developed by song work into a knowledge of music and its elements.



# O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

PHILLIPS BROOKS

LEWIS H. REDNER

*mf*

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove  
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n!  
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;  
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.  
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.  
 Cast out our sin and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

*cres.*

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;  
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!  
 No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin  
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels, The great glad ti - dings tell;

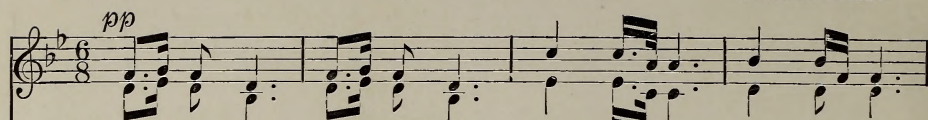
*f*

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.  
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth,  
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.  
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el. A - men.

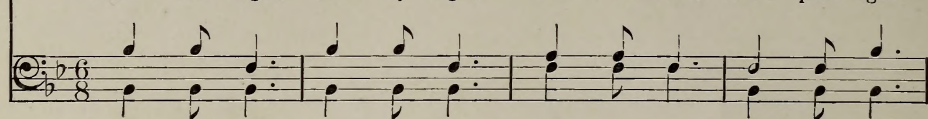
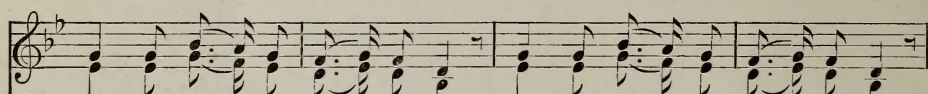
# HOLY NIGHT

MICHAEL HAYDN

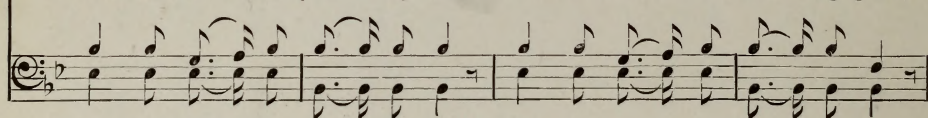
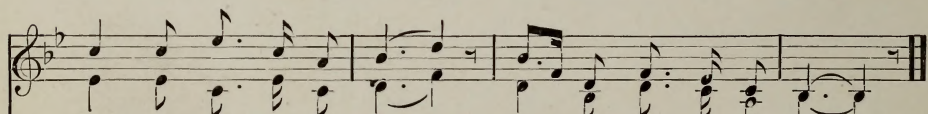
*pp*



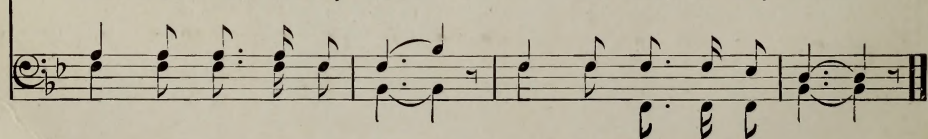
1. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright  
 2. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Shep - herds quake at the sight,  
 3. Si - lent night, Ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light

Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child. Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild,  
 Glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far, Heav'nly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia;  
 Ra - dant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
 Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! Christ, the Sav - iour, is born!  
 Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth! Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth!



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Mrs. NORTON

## JUANITA

Spanish Melody

*mf*

1. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the mountain  
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beaming,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,  
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,

*p slower* *mf a tempo*

Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond farewell! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! \*  
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!

*p tenderly rit.*

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.  
Let me lin - ger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

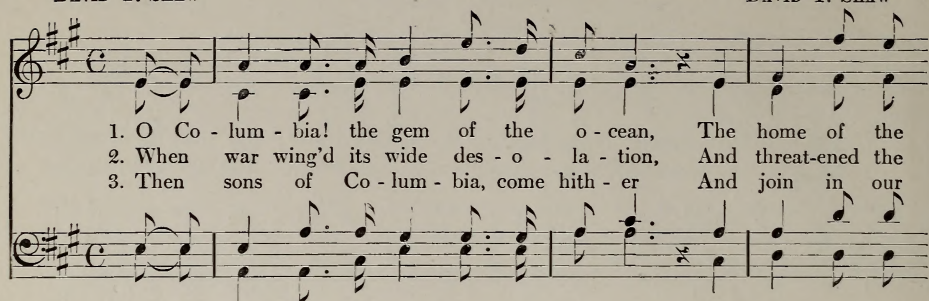
\* Wah-ne-ta

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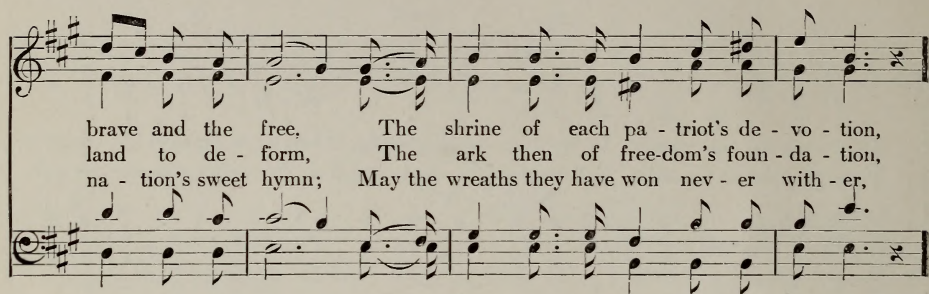
# THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

DAVID T. SHAW

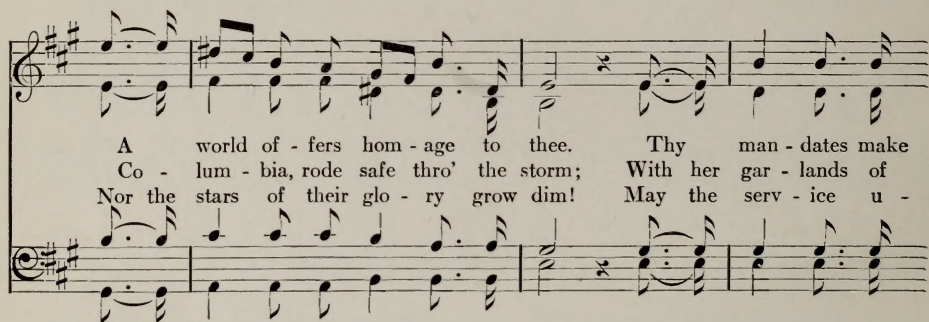
DAVID T. SHAW



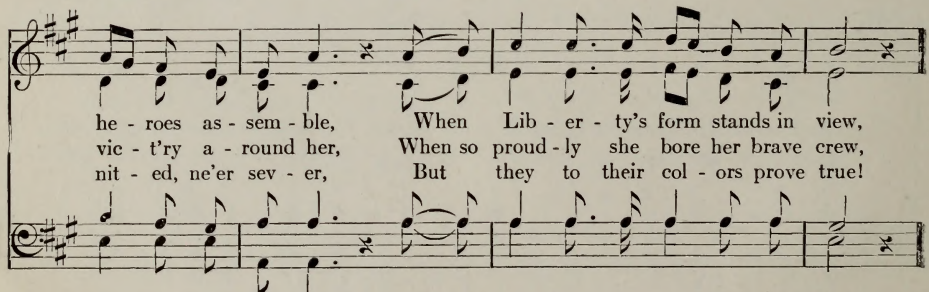
1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the  
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threat-ened the  
3. Then sons of Co-lum-bia, come hith-er And join in our



brave and the free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion,  
land to de-form, The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion,  
na-tion's sweet hymn; May the wreaths they have won nev-er with-er,



A world of-fers hom-age to thee. Thy man-dates make  
Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her gar-lands of  
Nor the stars of their glo-ry grow dim! May the serv-ice u-



he-ros as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view,  
vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew,  
nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove true!

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# THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the  
 With her flag proud - ly wav - ing be - fore her, The boast of the  
 The Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the

CHORUS

red, white and blue. When borne by the red, white and blue,  
 red, white and blue. The boast of the red, white and blue,  
 red, white and blue. Three cheers for the red, white and blue,

When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy ban - ners make  
 The boast of the red, white and blue, With her flag proud - ly  
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The Ar - my and

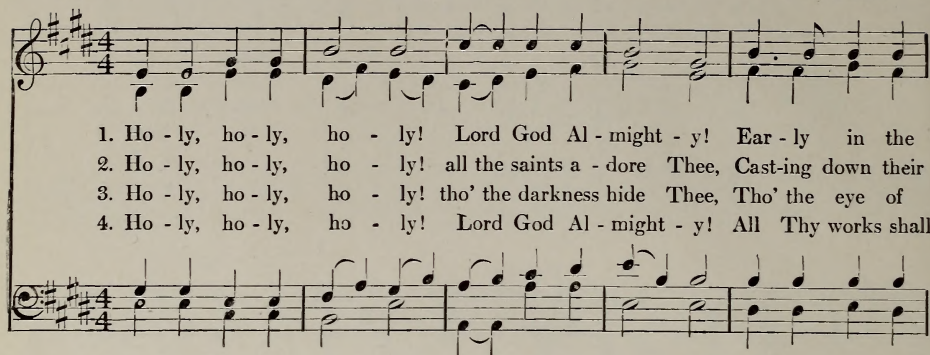
try - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
 wav - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.  
 Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

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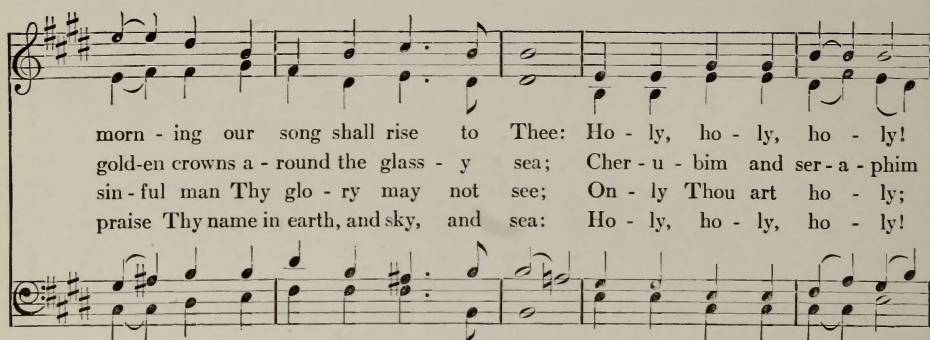
# HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

R. HEBER

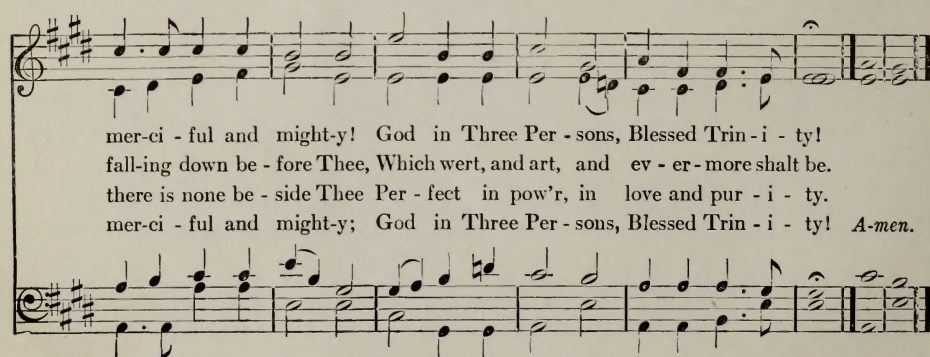
J. B. DYKES



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of  
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!  
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim  
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;  
 praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!



mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, Blessed Trin - i - ty!  
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.  
 mer - ci - ful and might - y; God in Three Per - sons, Blessed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

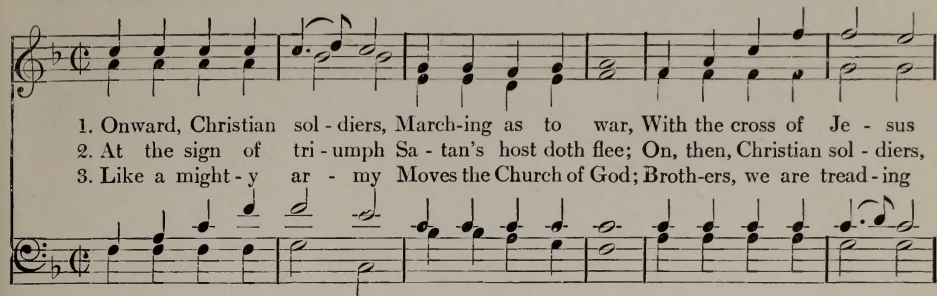
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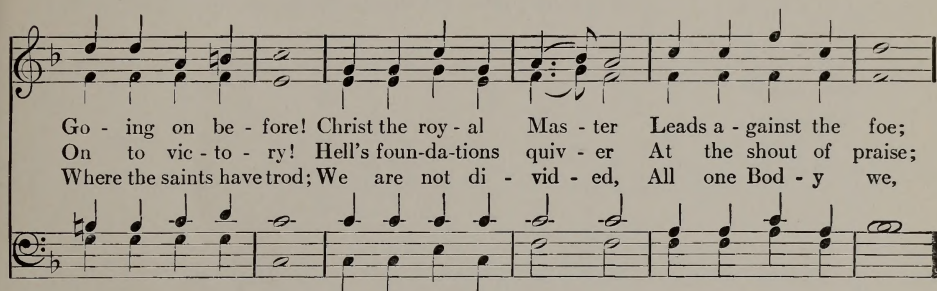
# ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD

Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

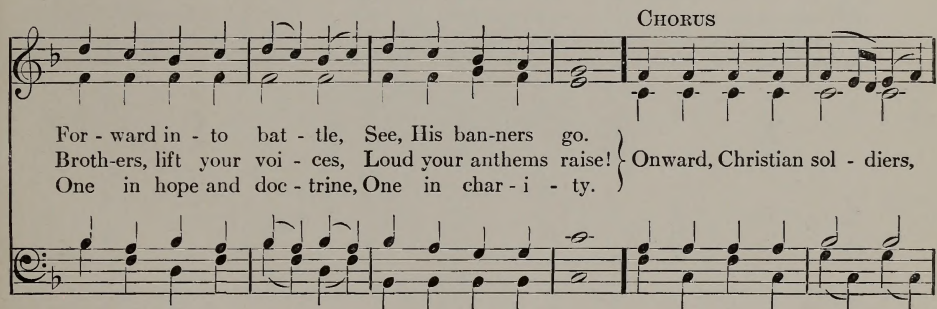


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus  
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol - diers,  
 3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread-ing

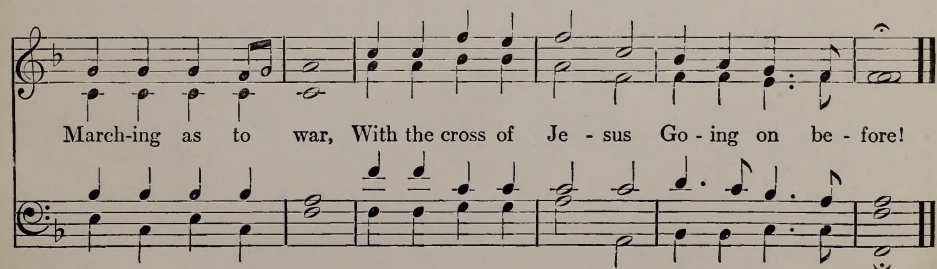


Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;  
 On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one Bod - y we,

CHORUS



For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.  
 Broth-ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise! } Onward, Christian sol - diers,  
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.



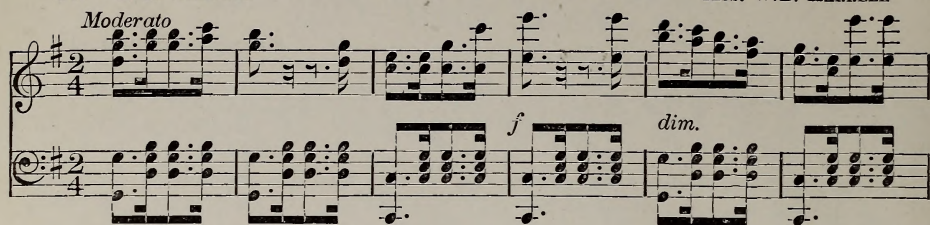
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!

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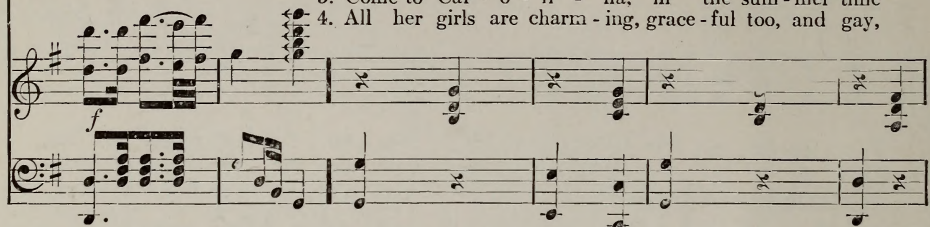
Dr. Wm. B. HARRELL

## HO! FOR CAROLINA

Mrs. W.B. HARRELL

*Moderato*

1. Let no heart in sor - row weep for oth - er days,
2. Down in Car - o - li - na grows the loft - y pine,
3. Come to Car - o - li - na, in the sum - mer time
4. All her girls are charma - ing, grace - ful too, and gay,



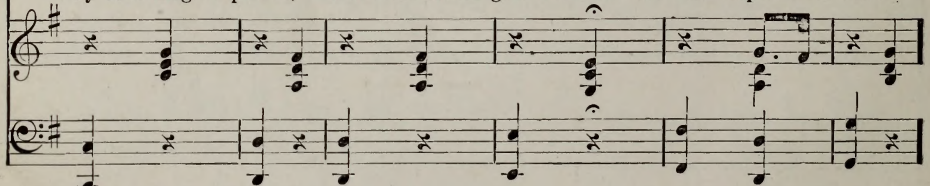
Let no i - dle dream - ers tell in melt - ing lays,  
 And her groves and for - ests bear the scent - ed vine,  
 When the luscious fruits are hang - ing in their prime,  
 Hap - py as the blue - birds in the month of May;

Of the mer - ry meet - ing  
 Here are peaceful homes, too,  
 And the maid - ens sing - ing  
 And they steal your hearts, too,



in the ros - y bow'rs,  
 nest - ling 'mid the flow'rs,  
 in the leaf - y bow'rs,  
 by their mag - ic pow'rs,

For there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours.  
 Oh! there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours.  
 Oh! there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours.  
 Oh! there are no girls on earth that can compare with ours.





# HO! FOR CAROLINA

## CHORUS

Ho! for Car - o - li - na, that's the land for me, In her hap - py

Ho! for Car - o - li - na, that's the land for me, In her hap - py

The first system of the chorus consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal melody, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody is in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

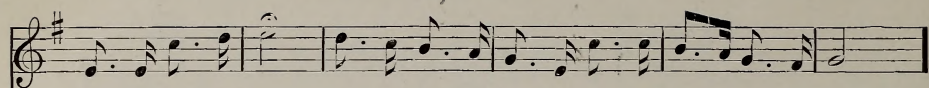
bor - ders roam the brave and free, And her bright-eyed daugh-ters—

bor - ders roam the brave and free, And her bright-eyed daugh-ters—

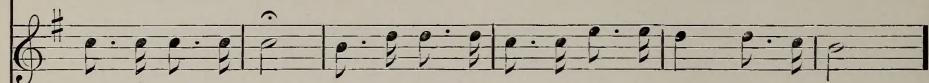
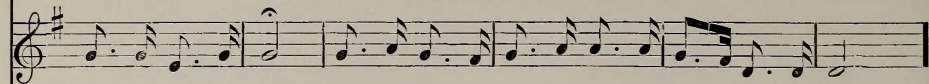
The second system of the chorus continues the melody and accompaniment. It also consists of four staves. The vocal melody continues with the same rhythmic and melodic patterns. The piano accompaniment maintains its steady eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with a final chord.

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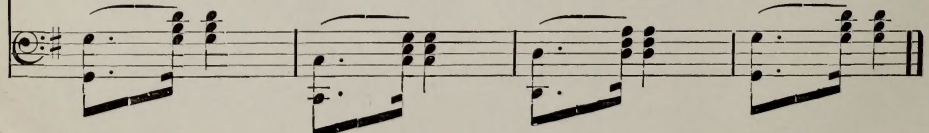
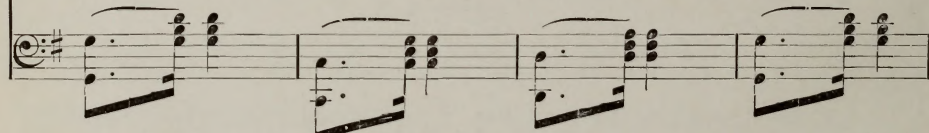
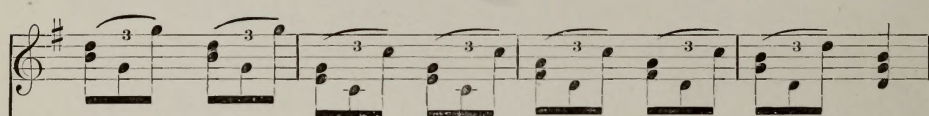
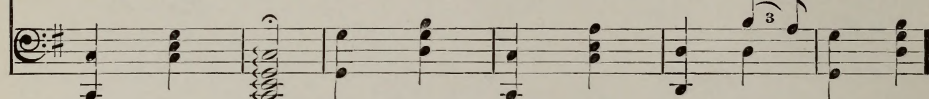
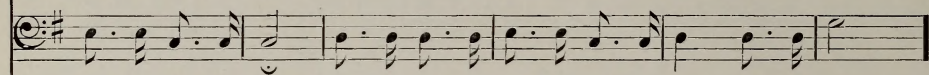
# HO! FOR CAROLINA



none can fair - er be; Oh! it is the land of love and sweet Lib - er - ty.



none can fair - er be; Oh! it is the land of love and sweet Lib - er - ty.



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## FLAG OF OUR NATION GREAT

(Tune: AMERICA)

1. Flag of our Nation great  
Waving in every State,  
We love, adore.  
Emblem of purity,  
Emblem of unity,  
Emblem of liberty,  
From shore to shore.
2. Stars, stripes, and colors three,  
Blending in harmony,  
For thee we stand.  
No foe shall ever rend  
The flag which we defend  
Unto the bitter end,  
With heart and hand.
3. Our flag will never fail  
Freedom to those who hail  
From foreign shore;  
In freedom's sacred voice  
Let every one rejoice  
Who makes our flag his choice  
For evermore.
4. Wave still in lofty air,  
O wave thou everywhere  
On land and sea!  
Aloft on pole and spire,  
Pride of each son and sire,  
Keep all our hearts on fire,  
Flag of the free!

## MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Savior divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
Oh, let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Savior! then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove,  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

## THE OLD NORTH STATE

---

BY WILLIAM GASTON

---

Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!  
While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her;  
Though the scorner may sneer at, and witlings defame her,  
Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Old North State forever!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good Old North State!

Though she envies not others their merited glory,  
Say, whose name stands the foremost in Liberty's story?  
Though too true to herself e'er to crouch to oppression,  
Who can yield to just rule more loyal submission?

Hurrah, etc.

Plain and artless her sons, but whose doors open faster  
At the knock of a stranger, or the tale of disaster?  
How like to the rudeness of their dear native mountains,  
With rich ore in their bosoms and life in their fountains.

Hurrah, etc.

And her daughters, the Queen of the Forest resembling—  
So graceful, so constant, yet to gentlest breath trembling;  
And true lightwood at heart, let the match be applied them,  
How they kindle and flame! Oh! none know but who've tried them.

Hurrah, etc.

Then let all who love us love the land that we live in  
(As happy a region as on this side of Heaven),  
Where Plenty and Freedom, Love and Peace smile before us.  
Raise aloud, raise together the heart-thrilling chorus:

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Old North State forever!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good Old North State!



# Santa Lucia.

Translated from the Italian.

Neapolitan Boat-Song.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. Moon-light, so sweet and pale, From hea-ven fall-ing ; Wave-lets that mur-mur low,
2. Soft winds that come and go, Cool-ness are bringing, Bear-ing on gen-tle wings
3. O joy ! to lie at rest, Drift-ing and dreaming On o-cean's peace-ful breast,

*Moderato.*

*mf*

To us are call - ing. White is the sum-mer night ; Sum - mer sea,  
Ech - oes of sing - ing. Waits the light boat for thee, Float o'er the  
'Neath moon-light gleam-ing ! Bride of the sum-mer sea, Na - ples, thy

sil - ver bright. San - ta Lu - ci - a ! San - ta Lu - ci - a !  
waves with me. San - ta Lu - ci - a ! San - ta Lu - ci - a !  
child to be ! San - ta Lu - ci - a ! San - ta Lu - ci - a !

From the Common School Book of Vocal Music, Modern Music Series,  
Copyright 1904 by Silver, Burdett & Company.

# The Campbells Are Coming.\*

Scotch Folksong,

*Moderato.* *cres.*

*p* *cres.*

The Campbells are com-ing, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are com-ing, O

ho, O ho! The Campbells are com-ing to bon-nie Loch-le-ven, The

Camp-bells are com-ing, O ho, O ho! 1. Up-on the Lo-monds I  
2. Great Ar-gyle he goes, he  
3. The Camp-bells they are

lay, I lay, Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I look'd down to  
goes be-fore; He makes his can-nons loud-ly roar; Wi' sound of trum-pet,  
a' in arms, Their loy-al faith and truth to show! Wi' oan-ners rat-ting

*cres.* *dim.*

bon-nie Loch-le-ven, And heard the bon-nie Pi-brochs play.  
pipe, and drum, The Campbells are com-ing, O ho, O ho!  
in the wind, The Campbells are com-ing, O ho, O ho!

*cres.* *dim.*

\* May be sung without the tenor.

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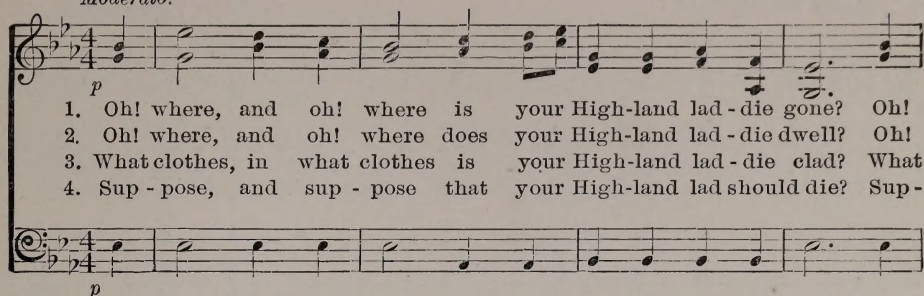


# The Blue Bells of Scotland.

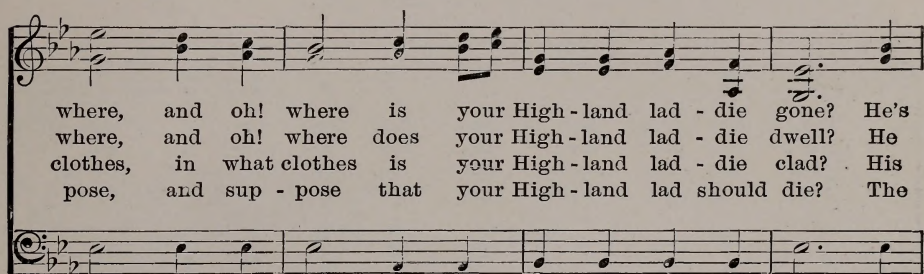
Mrs. Jordan.

*Moderato.*

*p*

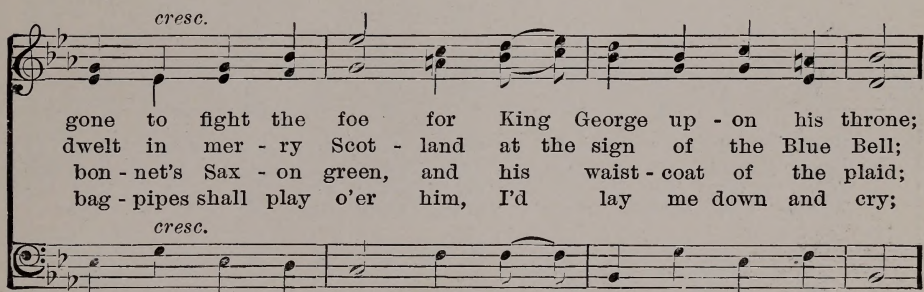


1. Oh! where, and oh! where is your High-land lad - die gone? Oh!  
 2. Oh! where, and oh! where does your High-land lad - die dwell? Oh!  
 3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad - die clad? What  
 4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup -



where, and oh! where is your High-land lad - die gone? He's  
 where, and oh! where does your High-land lad - die dwell? He  
 clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad - die clad? His  
 pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die? The

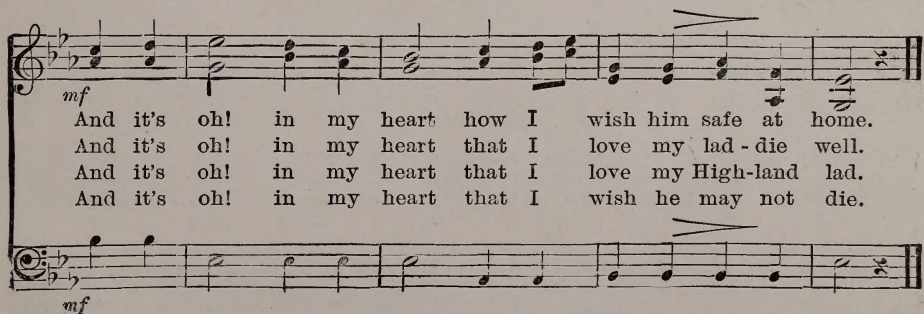
*cresc.*



gone to fight the foe for King George up - on his throne;  
 dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell;  
 bon - net's Sax - on green, and his waist - coat of the plaid;  
 bag - pipes shall play o'er him, I'd lay me down and cry;

*cresc.*

*mf*



And it's oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home.  
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.  
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my High-land lad.  
 And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

*mf*

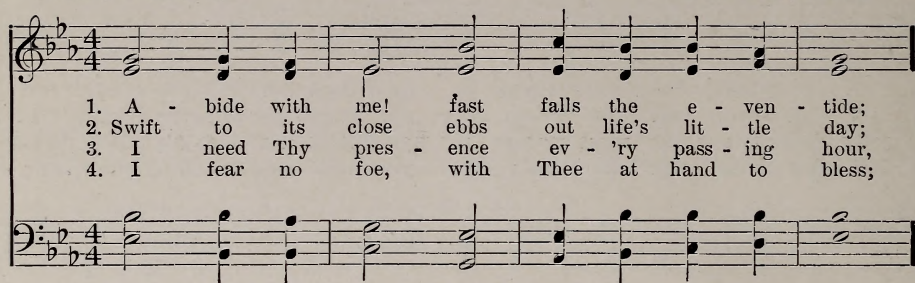
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# Abide with Me!

EVENTIDE.

Henry Francis Lyte.

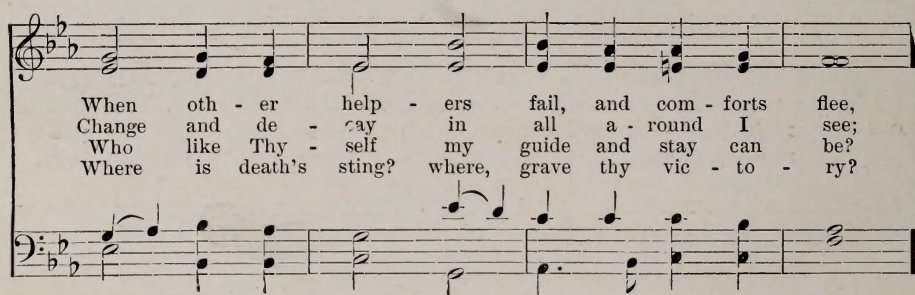
William Henry Monk.



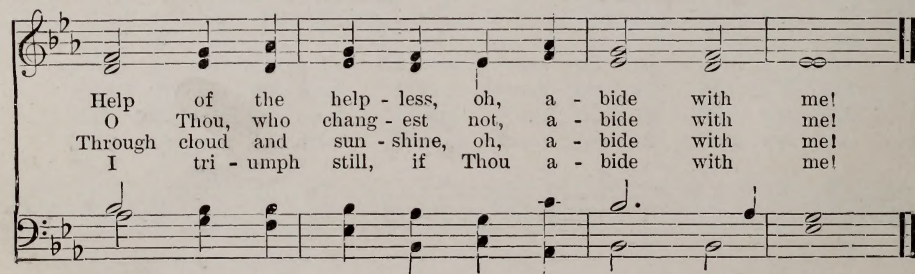
1. A - bid e with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide;  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle - day;  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour;  
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;



The dark - ness deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bid e;  
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way;  
 What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r?  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,  
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;  
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?  
 Where is death's sting? where, grave thy vic - to - ry?



Help of the help - less, oh, a - bid e with me!  
 O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bid e with me!  
 Through cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bid e with me!  
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bid e with me!

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# Old Folks at Home.

Stephen C. Foster.

*Moderato.*

1. Way down up-on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-way,
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wander'd When I was young,
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bushes, One dat I love;

Dere's wha' my heart is turn - ing eb - er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.  
 Den ma - ny hap - py days I squander'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung.  
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.

All up and down de whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam,  
 When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I,  
 When will I see de bees a humming, All round de comb?

## Old Folks at Home.

Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.  
 Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.  
 When will I hear de ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home?

The first system of the musical score for 'Old Folks at Home'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

### CHORUS.

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry - where I roam,

The chorus section of the musical score. It continues with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

The final system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

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# My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night.

Stephen C. Foster.

Stephen C. Foster.

*Moderato.*

*dolce.*

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis  
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the  
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-

sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay, The corn-top's ripe and the  
 mead-ow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the  
 ev-er the dark-y may go; A few more days and the

mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the  
 glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in  
 trou-ble all will end In the field where the su-gar canes

day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All  
 door; The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With  
 grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load,—No

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# My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night.

mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'n - by Hard Times comes a -  
 sor - row where all was de - light; The time has come when the  
 mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A few more days till we

knock-ing at the door, Then, my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good-night.  
 dark - ies have to part, Then, my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good-night.  
 tot - ter on the road, Then, my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good-night.

## CHORUS.

*mf*  
 Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day, We will sing one song for the  
*mf*

old Ken-tuck - y Home, For the old Ken-tuck - y Home far a - way.

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# Home, Sweet Home!

Payne.

Irish.

*Moderato.*

*dim.*

*cres.*

*dolce.* *cres.* *dim.* *cres.*

1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so  
 2. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh! give me my  
 3. How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond fa - ther's smile, And the cares of a  
 4. To thee I'll re - turn, o - ver - bur - den'd with care; The heart's dear - est

*dolce.* *cres.* *dim.* *p* *cres.*

*dim.* *dim.* *mf*

hum - ble, there's no place like home. A charm from the skies seems to  
 low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that  
 moth - er to soothe and be - guile! Let oth - ers de - light 'mid new  
 sol - ace will smile on me there; No more from that cot - tage a -

*dim.* *mf* *dim.*

*dim.* *p* *f* *dim.*

hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is not met with else - where;  
 come at my call, Give me them with the peace of mind dear - er than all.  
 pleasures to roam, But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.  
 gain will I roam, - Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.

*p* *f* *dim.*

*cres.* *dim.* *p* *mf* *dim.* *p*

Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home!

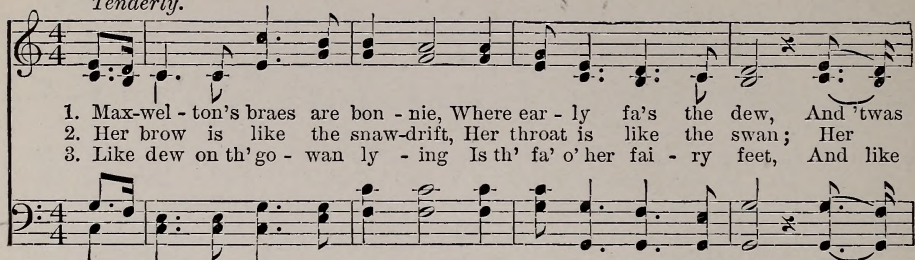
*p* *cres.* *mf* *dim.* *p*

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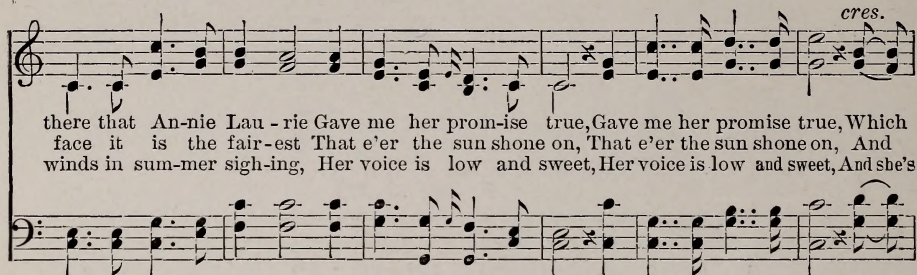
# Annie Laurie.

Lady John Scott.

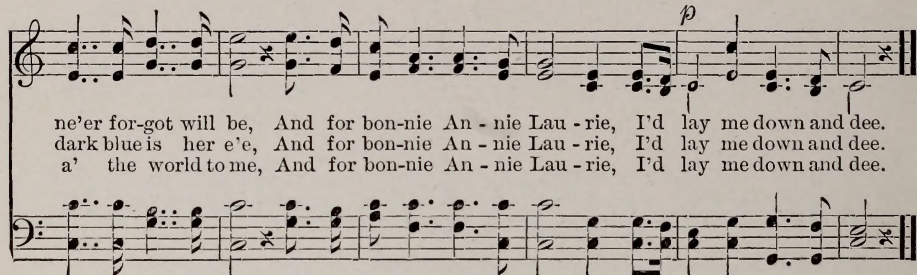
*Tenderly.*



1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas  
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her  
3. Like dew on th'go-wan ly-ing Is th' fa'o' her fai-ry feet, And like



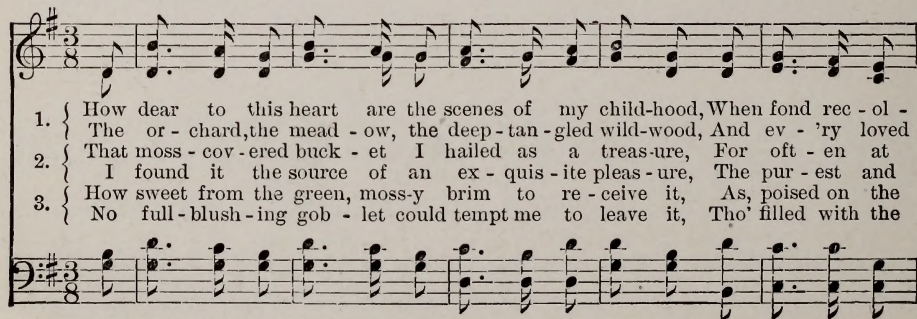
*cres.*  
there that An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true, Gave me her promise true, Which  
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on, And  
winds in sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's



*p*  
ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.  
dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.  
a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

# The Old Oaken Bucket.

Samuel Woodworth.



1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-  
The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep-tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved  
2. { That moss-cov-ered buck-et I hailed as a treas-ure, For oft-en at  
I found it the source of an ex-quis-ite pleas-ure, The pur-est and  
3. { How sweet from the green, moss-y brim to re-ceive it, As, poised on the  
No full-blush-ing gob-let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the

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lec - tion pre - sents them to view! } { The wide - spreading pond, and the mill that stood  
spot which my in - fan - cy knew, } { The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house  
noon, when re - turned from the field, } { How ar - dent I seized it, with hands that were  
sweet - est that na - ture can yield. } { Then soon, with the em - blem of truth o - ver -  
curb, it in - clined to my lips! } { And now, far re - moved from the loved hab - i -  
nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. } { As fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan -

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell. } { The old oak - en  
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. } { The old oak - en  
glow - ing, And quick to the white - peb - bled bot - tom it fell, } { The old oak - en  
flow - ing, And drip - ping with cool - ness, it rose from the well. } { The old oak - en  
ta - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, } { The old oak - en  
ta - tion, And sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well. } {

buck - et, the i - ron - bound bucket, The moss - cov - er'd buck - et that hung in the well.  
buck - et, the i - ron - bound bucket, The moss - cov - er'd buck - et a - rose from the well.  
buck - et, the i - ron - bound bucket, The moss - cov - er'd buck - et which hangs in the well.

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# Lead, Kindly Light.

Newman.

Dykes.

*Andante.*

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, . . . Lead Thou me  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou . . . Shouldst lead me  
 3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still . . . Will lead me

on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, . . . Lead Thou me  
 on; I loved to choose and see my path but now . . . Lead Thou me  
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent till . . . The night is

on. . . Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .  
 on. . . I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears, . . .  
 gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . . .

The dis - tant scene, one step e - nough for me. . .  
 Pride rul'd my will: re - mem - ber not . . . past years.  
 Which I have lov'd long since, and lost . . . a - while.

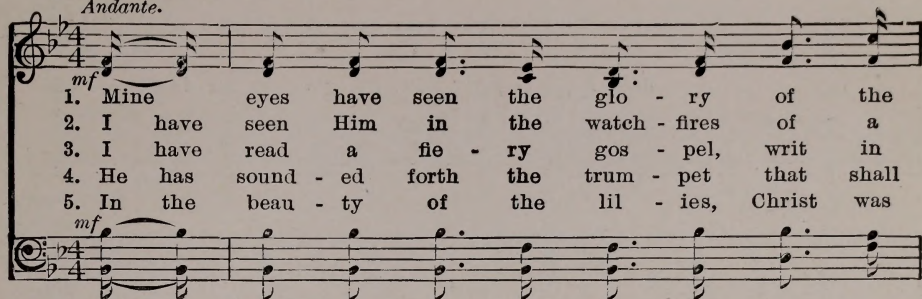
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# Battle Hymn of the Republic.

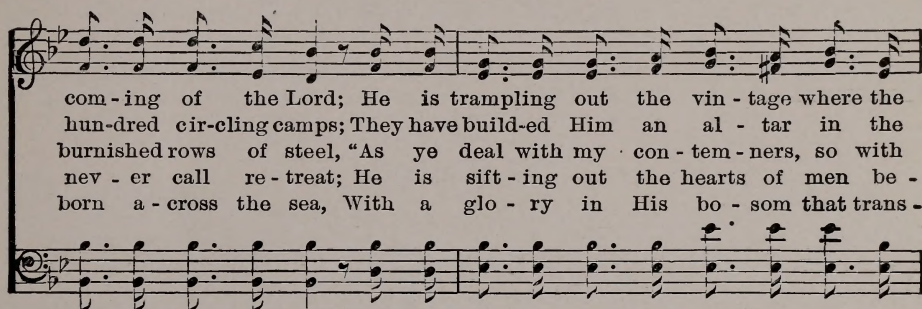
Julia Ward Howe.

*Andante.*

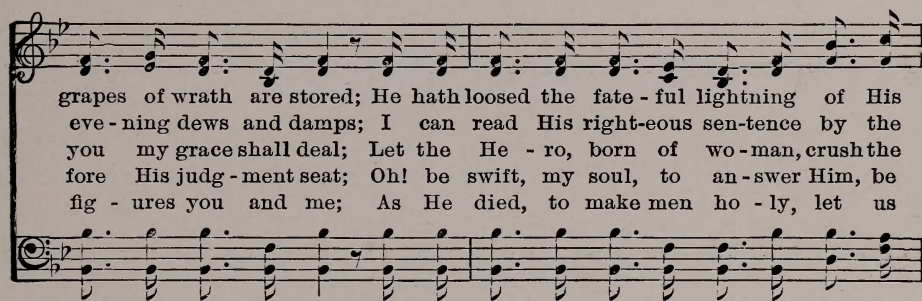


*mf*

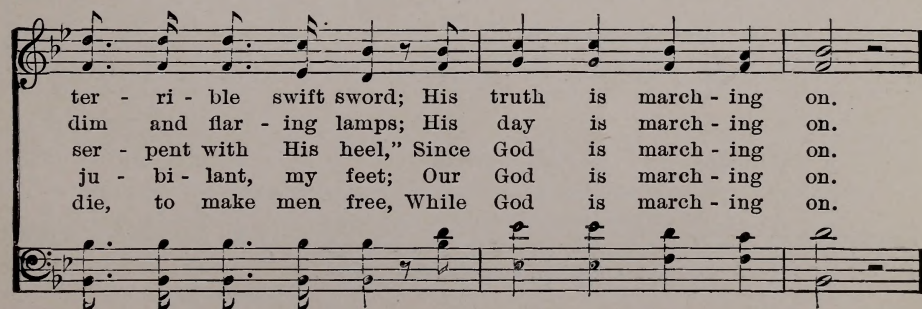
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the  
 2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a  
 3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in  
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall  
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was



com - ing of the Lord; He is trampling out the vin - tage where the  
 hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the  
 burnished rows of steel, "As ye deal with my con - tem - ners, so with  
 nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be -  
 born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His bo - som that trans -



grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful lightning of His  
 eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right - eous sen - tence by the  
 you my grace shall deal; Let the He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the  
 fore His judg - ment seat; Oh! be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him, be  
 fig - ures you and me; As He died, to make men ho - ly, let us



ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.  
 dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.  
 ser - pent with His heel," Since God is march - ing on.  
 ju - bi - lant, my feet; Our God is march - ing on.  
 die, to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

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# Battle Hymn of the Republic.

FULL CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

## Old Hundred.

Isaac Watts.

Guillaume Franc.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;  
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;  
3. In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song; To ev - 'ry land the strains be - long;

Let the Re-deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev-'ry land, by ev-'ry tongue.  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.  
In cheer-ful sounds all voi-ces raise; And fill the world with loud-est praise.

## Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

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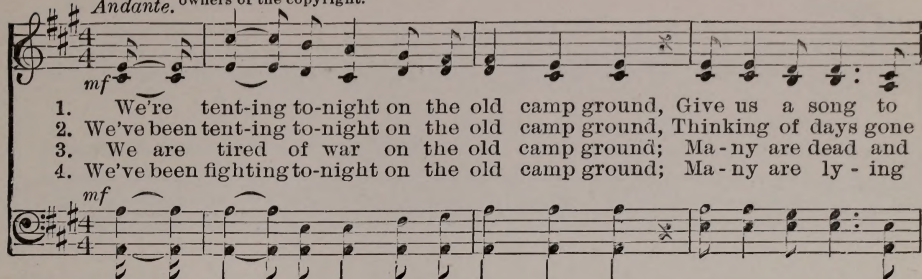


# Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

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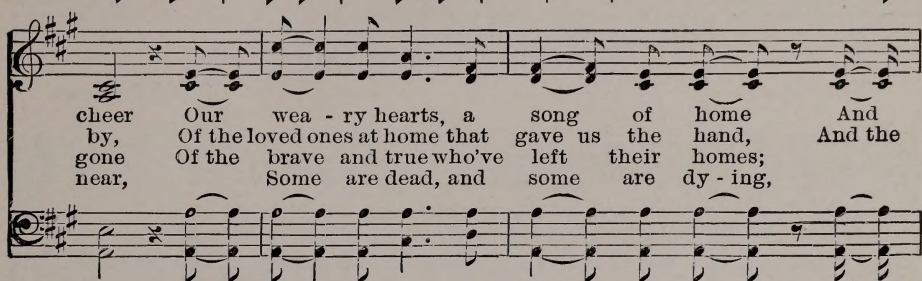
Walter Kittredge.

*Andante.*



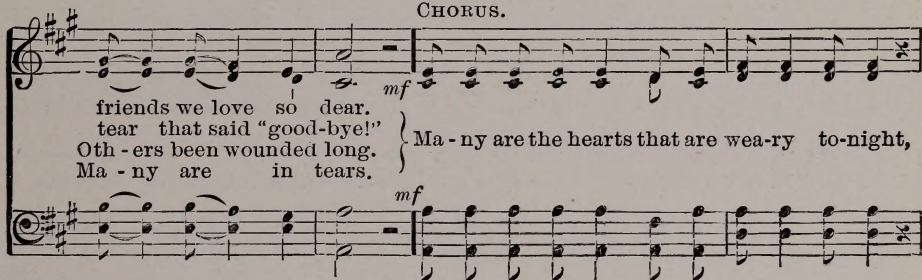
*mf*

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to
2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground; Ma-ny are dead and
4. We've been fighting to-night on the old camp ground; Ma-ny are ly-ing



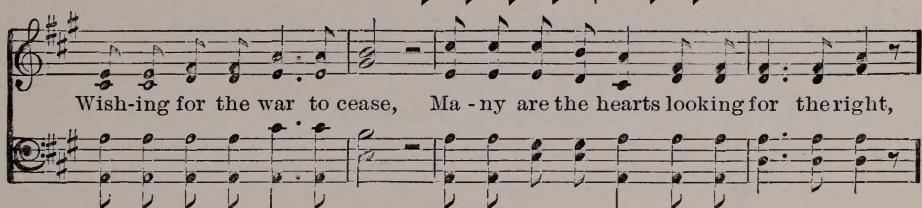
cheer Our wea-ry hearts, a song of home And  
by, Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the  
gone Of the brave and true who've left their homes;  
near, Some are dead, and some are dy-ing,

## CHORUS.

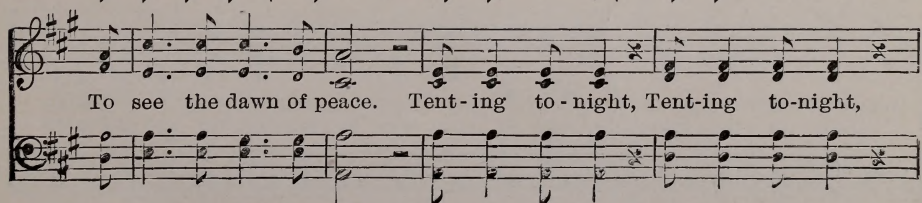


*mf*

friends we love so dear.  
tear that said "good-bye!" } Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night,  
Oth-ers been wounded long.  
Ma-ny are in tears.



Wish-ing for the war to cease, Ma-ny are the hearts looking for theright,



To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night,

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# Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

*Last time ppp*

Musical score for 'Tenting on the Old Camp Ground' in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Tent-ing on the old camp ground. (Omit.....) Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

# Pibroch of Donnel Dhu.\*

Walter Scott.

Scotch Folksong.

Musical score for 'Pibroch of Donnel Dhu' in G major, 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 1. Pi-broch of Don-nel Dhu, Pi-broch of Don-nel, Wake thy wild voice a-new; 2. Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rock-y, War pipe and pen-non Are

Musical score for 'Pibroch of Donnel Dhu' in G major, 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Sum-mon Clan Con-nell. Come a-way, come a-way, Hark to the sum-mons! at In-ver-loch-y; Come ev-'ry hill-plaid, and True heart that wears one,

Musical score for 'Pibroch of Donnel Dhu' in G major, 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Come in your war ar-ray, gen-tles and com-mons. Come a-way, come a-way, Come ev-'ry steel blade, and Strong hand that bears one. Come a-way, come a-way,

Musical score for 'Pibroch of Donnel Dhu' in G major, 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Hark to the sum-mons, Come in your war ar-ray, Gen-tles and com-mons.

\* Melody in the bass. The portion preceding the chorus may be sung as a unison song.

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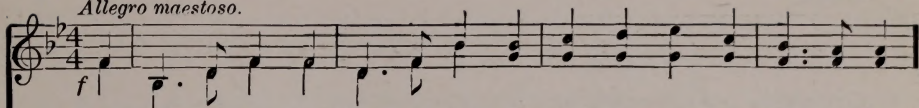


# The Watch on the Rhine.

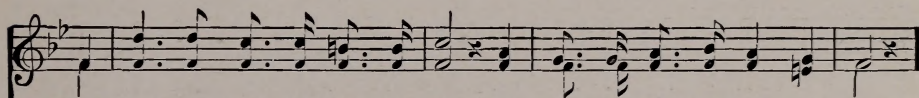
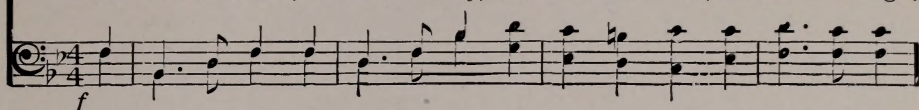
Max Schneckenberger.

Wilhelm.

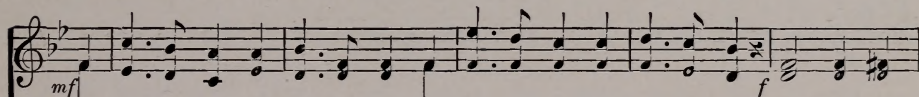
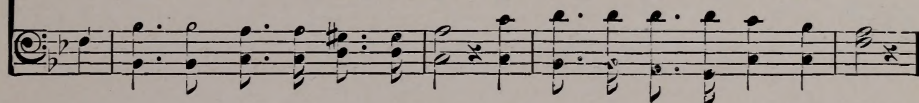
*Allegro maestoso.*



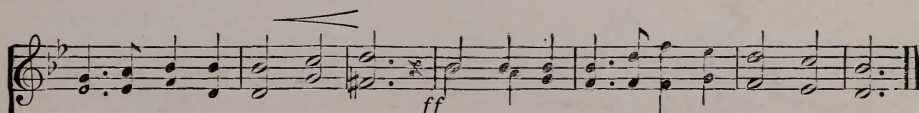
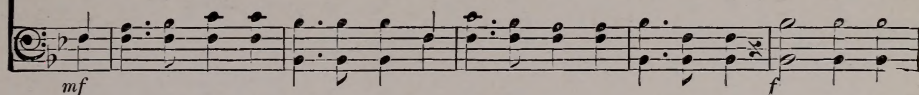
1. A peal like thun-der calls the brave, With clash of sword and sound of wave,
2. A hundred thousand hearts beat high, The an - swer flames from ev - 'ry eye;
3. So long as blood shall warm our veins, While for the sword one hand remains,
4. The oath resounds, the waverolls by, The ban - ners wave, advanced on high;



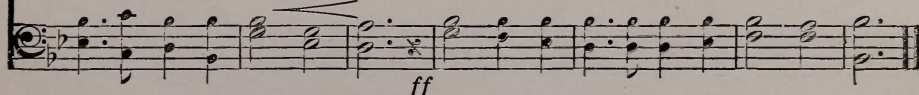
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! Who now will guard the riv - er's line?  
The Ger-man youth de - vot - ed stand To shield the ho - ly bor - der-land.  
One arm to bear a gun, no more Shall foot of foe-man tread thy shore!  
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! We all will guard the riv - er's line!



Dear Fa-ther-land, no fear be thine, Dear Fa-ther-land, no fear be thine, Firm stands the



guard a - long, a - long the Rhine, Firm stands the guard along the Ger-man Rhine!

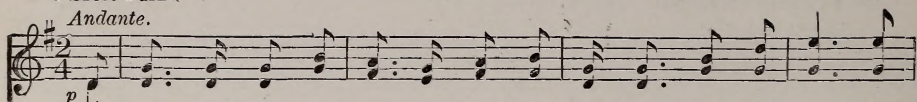


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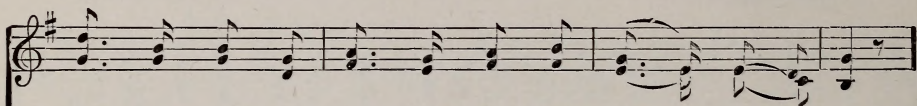
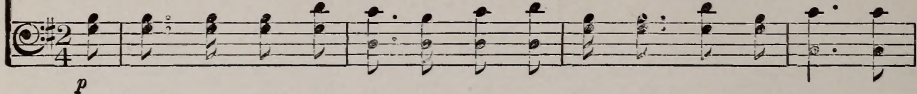
# Auld Lang Syne.

Robert Burns.

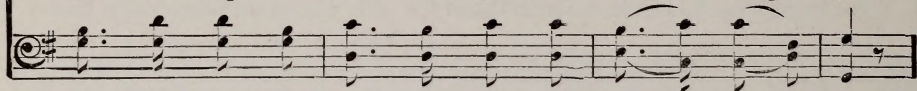
*Andante.*



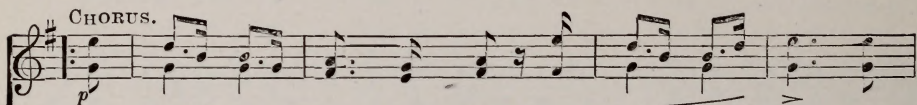
1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should
2. We twa' ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine; But we've
3. We twa' ha'e sport - ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But
4. And here's a' hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll



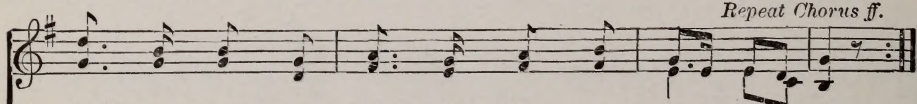
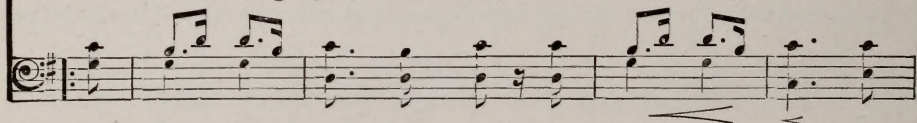
auld ac-quaint-ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?  
 wan - der'd mo - nya wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.  
 seas be - tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.  
 tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.



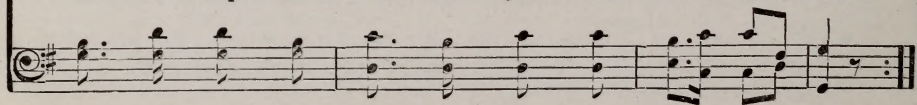
CHORUS.



For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne We'll



tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.



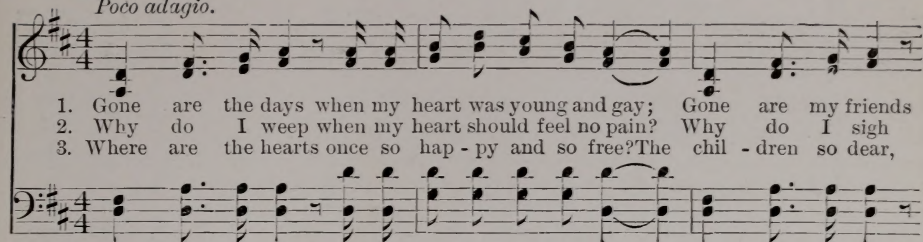
*Repeat Chorus ff.*



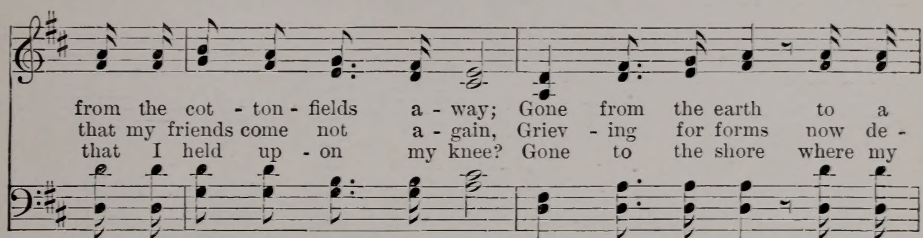
# Old Black Joe.

Stephen C. Foster.

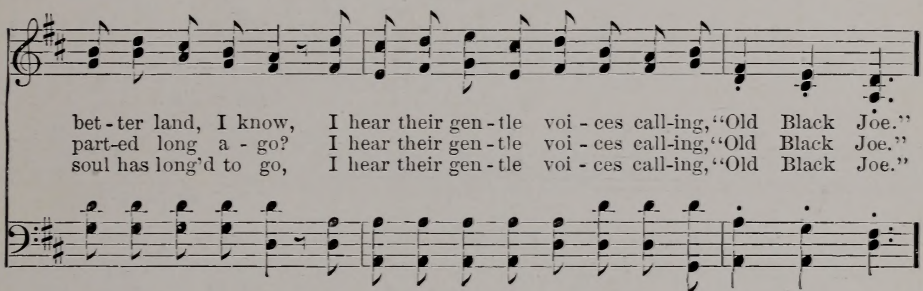
*Poco adagio.*



1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends  
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh  
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear,

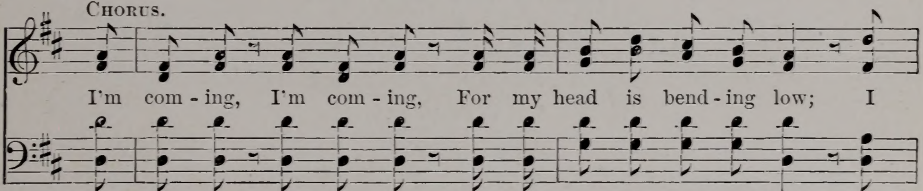


from the cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a  
 that my friends come not a - gain, Griev - ing for forms now de -  
 that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my

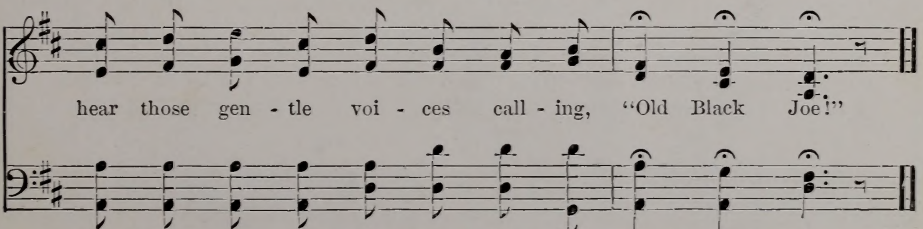


bet - ter land, I know, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."  
 part - ed long a - go? I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."  
 soul has long'd to go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."

CHORUS.



I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low; I



hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

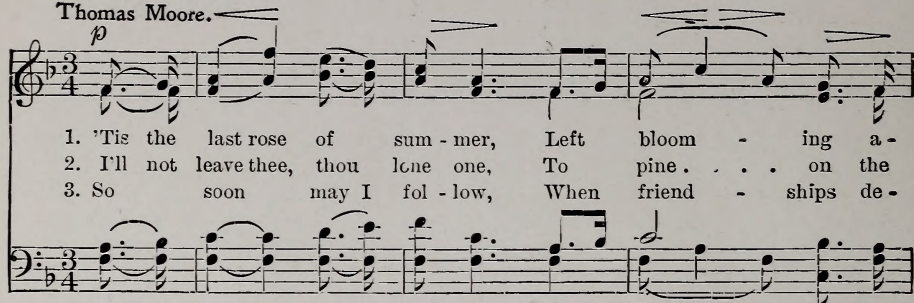
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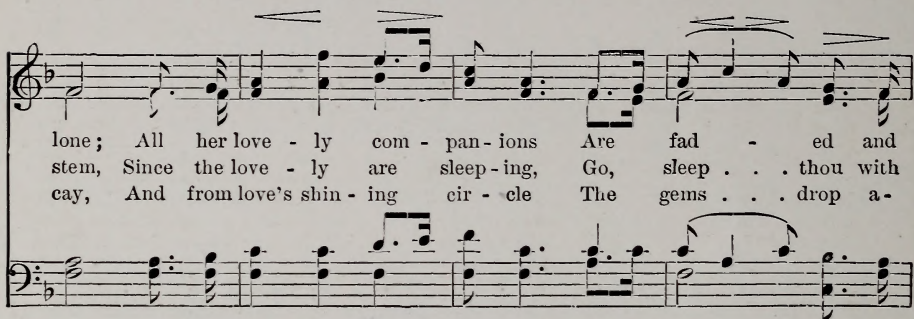
# 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

Thomas Moore.

*p*

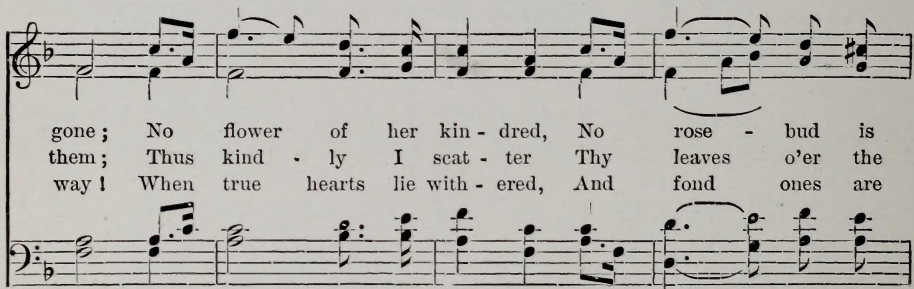


1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a -  
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine . . . on the  
 3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de -

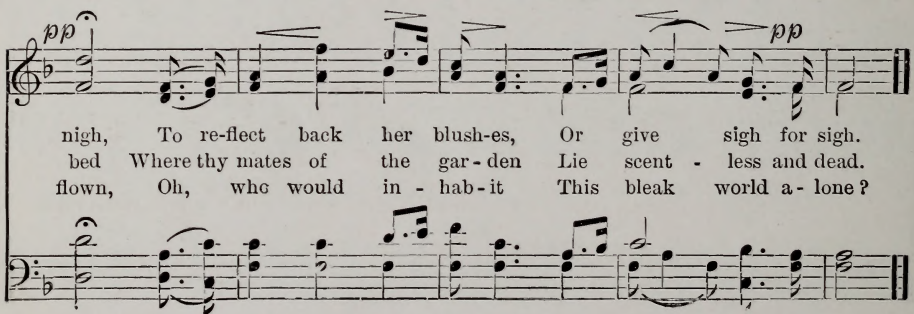


lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and  
 stem, Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go, sleep . . . thou with  
 cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems . . . drop a -

*rit. e dim.*



gone; No flower of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is  
 them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the  
 way! When true hearts lie with - ered, And fond ones are



nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.  
 bed Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.  
 floun, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone?

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# Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah Flower Adams.

Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' a cross it be,  
 2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,  
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send - est me,  
 4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs  
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

*d. s.* Near - er, my God, to Thee,

FINE.

*D. S.*

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my songs shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

## By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.

Reginald Heber.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the lil - y grows, How  
 2. Lo, such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose  
 3. De - pen - dent on Thy boun - teous breath, We seek Thy grace a - lone, In

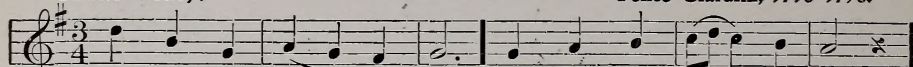
sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose.  
 se - cret heart with in - fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.  
 child - hood, man - hood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own.

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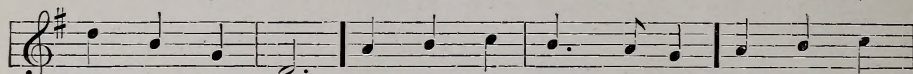
# Italian Hymn.

Charles Wesley.

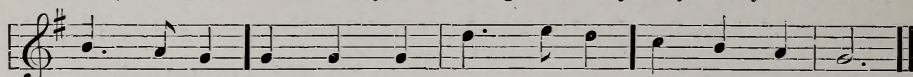
Felice Giardini, 1716-1796.



1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King! Help us Thy name to sing;  
2. Come, Thou all - gra - cious Lord, By heaven and earth a - dored;  
3. Nev - er from us de - part; Rule Thou in ev - 'ry heart,



Help us to praise! Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy chil - dren bless; Give Thy good  
Hence, ev - er - more. Thy sov - ereign ma - jes - ty May we in



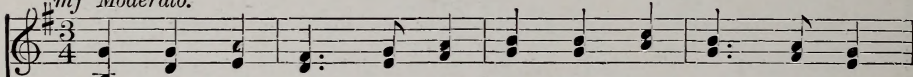
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!  
word suc - cess; Make Thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend,  
glo - ry see! And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

# America.

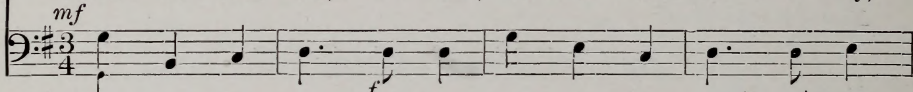
Smith.

Carey.

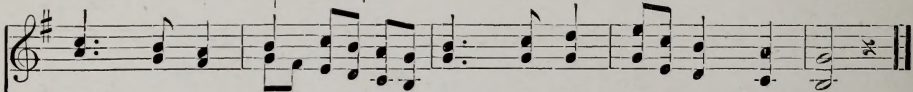
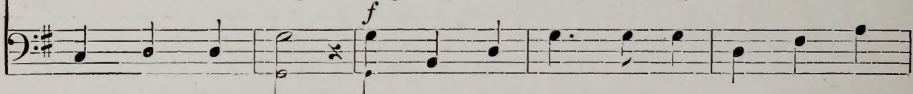
*mf Moderato.*



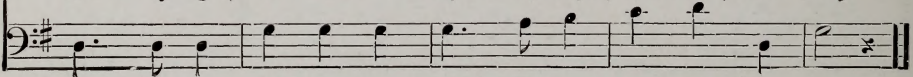
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,  
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze And ring from all the trees,  
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing. Land where my fa - thers' died, Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that  
To Thee we sing. Long may our land be bright With free - dom's



pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.  
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.  
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.



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# The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.  
*Maestoso.*

Samuel Arnold.

1. Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so  
 2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the  
 3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore That the  
 4. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be -

proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing; Whose broad  
 foe's laugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is  
 hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A  
 tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with

stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight,— O'er the  
 that which the breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it  
 home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their  
 vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land Praise the

ram - parts we watched—were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the  
 fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it  
 blood has washed out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion; No  
 pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion; Then,

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# The Star-Spangled Banner.

rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave  
 catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full  
 ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave From the  
 con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And

proof thro' the night that our flag was still there; Oh!  
 glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines in the stream; 'Tis the  
 ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the  
 this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust." And the

*cres.* *ff*

say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner still wave O'er the  
 star - span - gled ban - ner, Oh! long may it wave O'er the  
 star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave O'er the  
 star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the

land of the free and the home of the brave?  
 land of the free and the home of the brave!  
 land of the free and the home of the brave.  
 land of the free and the home of the brave.

*rit.*

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# Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

D. T. Shaw.

*In march time.*

*mf*

1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The  
 2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And  
 3. The star - span - gled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Co -

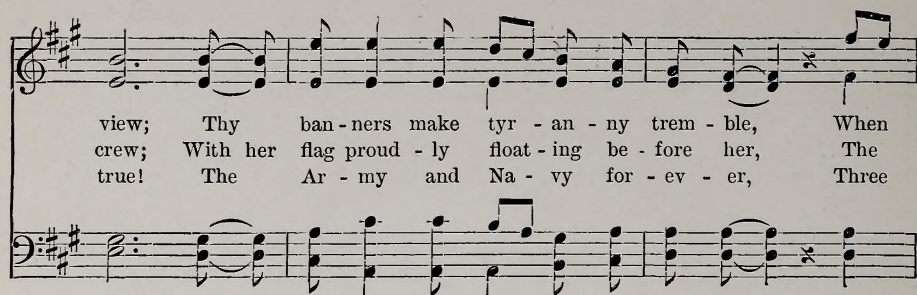
home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de -  
 threat - ened the land to de - form, The ark then of free - dom's foun -  
 lum - bia's true sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won nev - er

vo - tion, A world of - fers hom - age to thee; Thy  
 da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm, With her  
 with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the

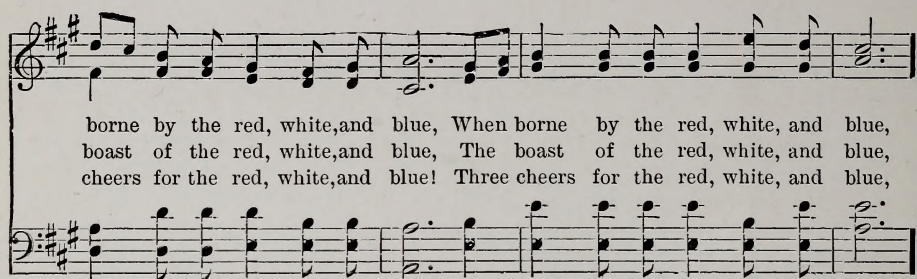
man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in  
 gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, Whenso proud - ly she bore her brave  
 ser - vice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But hold to the col - ors so

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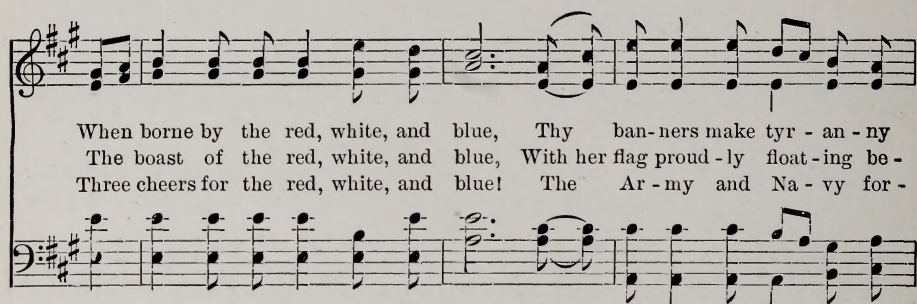
# Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.



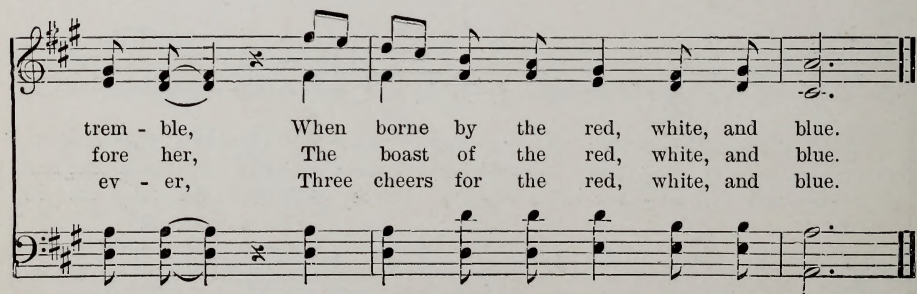
view; Thy ban-ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When  
crew; With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The  
true! The Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three



borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,  
boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue,  
cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,



When borne by the red, white, and blue, Thy ban-ners make tyr - an - ny  
The boast of the red, white, and blue, With her flag proud - ly float - ing be -  
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! The Ar - my and Na - vy for -



trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.  
fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.  
ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

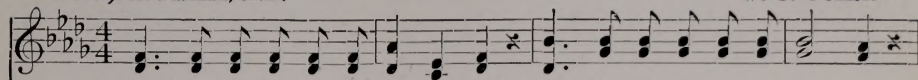
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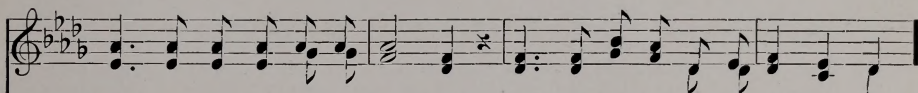
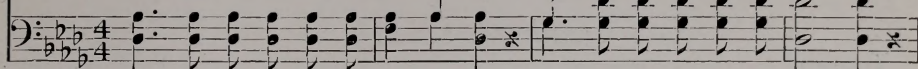
# God be with You.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D.

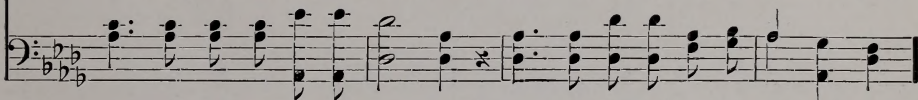
W. G. Tomer.



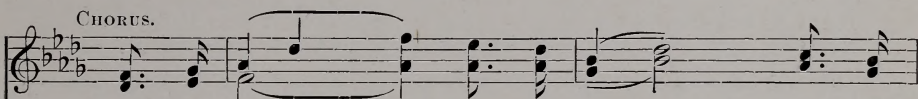
1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath His wings secure-ly hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;



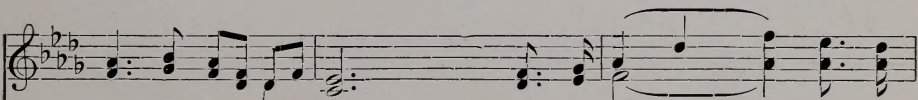
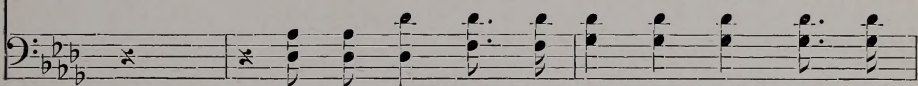
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Dai - ly man-na still di- vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Put His arms un - fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.  
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.



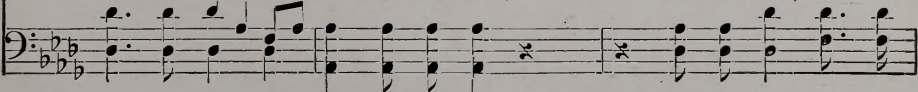
## CHORUS.



Till we meet, . . . till we meet, . Till we  
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,



meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet, . . . till we  
 till we meet; Till we meet, till we



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# God be with You.

musical score for 'God be with You' in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: meet, . . . gain, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

## Polish May Song.

Translated.

Polish Air.

musical score for 'Polish May Song' (first system) in D major, 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 1. May is here, the world re - joi - ces; Earth puts on her smiles to greet her: 2. Birds thro' ev - 'ry thick-et call - ing, Wake the woods to sounds of glad - ness: 3. Earth to heav'n lifts up her voi - ces; Sky, and field, and wood, and riv - er:

musical score for 'Polish May Song' (second system) in D major, 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Grov and field lift up their voi - ces; Leaf and flow'r come forth to meet her! Hark! the long drawn notes are fall - ing, Sad, but pleas - ant in their sad - ness. With their heart our heart re - joi - ces; For His gifts we praise the giv - er.

musical score for 'Polish May Song' (third system) in D major, 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Hap - py May, blithe - some May! Win - ter's reign has passed a - way!

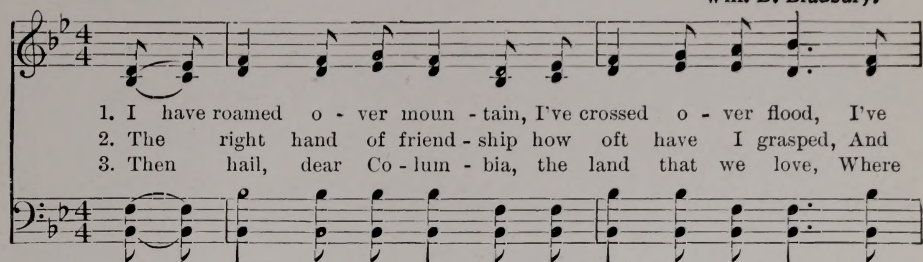
musical score for 'Polish May Song' (fourth system) in D major, 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: Hap - py May, blithe - some May! Win - ter's reign has passed a - way!

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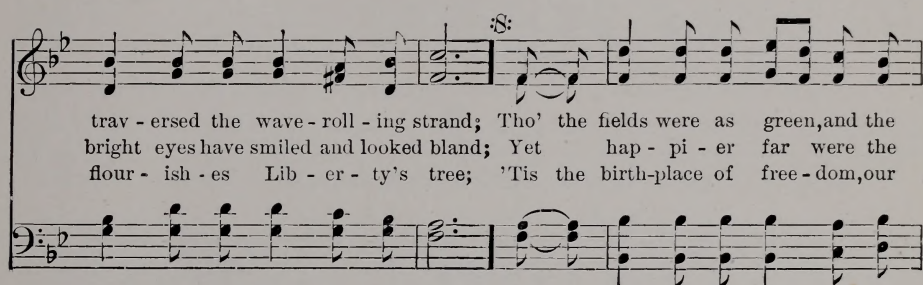


# My Own Native Land.

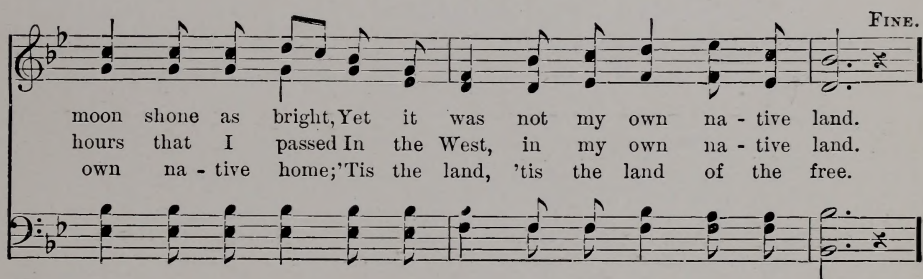
Wm. B. Bradbury.



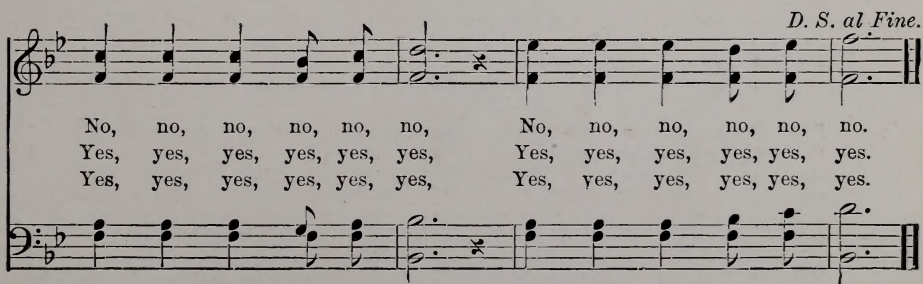
1. I have roamed o - ver moun - tain, I've crossed o - ver flood, I've  
2. The right hand of friend - ship how oft have I grasped, And  
3. Then hail, dear Co - lum - bia, the land that we love, Where



trav - ersed the wave - roll - ing strand; Tho' the fields were as green, and the  
bright eyes have smiled and looked bland; Yet hap - pi - er far were the  
flour - ish - es Lib - er - ty's tree; 'Tis the birth-place of free - dom, our



moon shone as bright, Yet it was not my own na - tive land.  
hours that I passed In the West, in my own na - tive land.  
own na - tive home; 'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free.



No, no, no, no, no, no, No, no, no, no, no, no.  
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.  
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

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# A Norse Lullaby.

Eugene Field.

W. W. Gilchrist.

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*Andante.*

*Melody in Bass.*

*f* The sky is dark, The hills are white,

*f* The sky is dark and the hills are white As the

The storm-king speeds from the North to-night, And this the song that the

storm-king speeds from the North to-night, And this is the song that the

storm - king sings As o - ver the world his cloak he swings:

storm - king sings As o - ver the world his cloak he swings:

*p* "Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,

"Sleep, sleep, sleep, lit-tle one, sleep," He rus-tles his wings and

*dim. e rall.*

sleep, lit - tle one, lit - tle one, lit - tle one, sleep."

*dim. e rall.*

gruff - ly sings: "Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, sleep."

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# O Lord, Another Day is Flown.

Henry Kirke White.

Isaac Smith.

*Moderato.*

1. O Lord, an - oth - er day is flown, And we, a low - ly ban - a -  
 2. Oh! let Thy grace per - form its part, And let con - ten - tion cease,  
 3. And Thou wilt turn our wan - d'ring feet, And Thou wilt bless our way

Are met once more be - fore Thy throne, To bless Thy fos - t'ring hand.  
 And shed a - broad in ev - 'ry heart Thine ev - er - last - ing peace.  
 Till world shall fade, and faith shall greet The dawn of last - ing day.

# O Lord, Our God, Thy Light and Truth.

Montgomery.

Jeremiah Clark.

*Moderato.*

1. O Lord, our God, Thy light and truth To us, Thy chil - dren, send,  
 2. By na - ture sin - ful, weak, and blind, The down - ward path we trod;  
 3. But friends and guar - dians now thro' grace Our heed - less steps re - strain;  
 4. Hence to the hills we lift our eyes, From which sal - va - tion springs:

That we may serve Thee in our youth, And love Thee to the end.  
 Our wan - d'ring heart and way - ward mind Were en - e - mies to God;  
 They teach us, Lord, to seek Thy face, Which none shall seek in vain.  
 O Sun of right - eous - ness, a - rise, With heal - ing in Thy wings.

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# Marseillaise.

Rouget De Lisle.

*Maestoso.*

*f*

1. Ye sons of Free-dom, wake to glo - ry, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you  
2. Oh! lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy glo - rious

*mf*

rise; Your children, wives, and grandsires hoar - y, Behold their tears, and hear their  
flame? Can tyrants' bolts and bars con - fine thee, And thus thy no - ble spir - it

*mf*

*f*

cries, Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries. Shall law-less ty - rants, mis - chief  
tame, And thus thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long our country wept, be -

*mf*

breed - ing, With hireling host, a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late the  
wail - ing The bloodstain'd sword our conqu'rors wield; But free - dom is our sword and

*f*

land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing? To arms! to arms! ye  
shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms! to arms! ye

*f*

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## Marseillaise.

brave, The pa - - triot sword un-sheath; March on, march

on, all hearts re - solv'd On lib - er - ty or death.

## Night-Fall.

From the German of Arndt.

Methfessel.

*Andante. dolce.*

1. When the songs of birds are still, And the flow - ers go to rest ;  
2. In the eve - ning's gath - 'ring shades Oth - er stars, like an - gels' eyes,

When the lone - some whip - poor - will Steals at twi - light from his nest:  
Shine from heav'n as day - light fades ; Soon in flash - ing bands they rise,

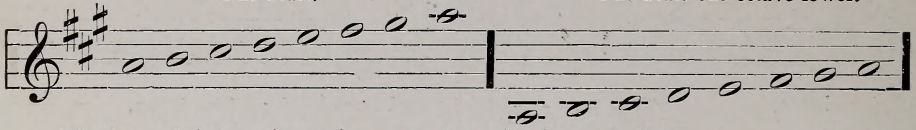
Then a star comes o'er the hills Thro' the pale light of the west.  
And a mil - lion gold - en maids Wait the mis - tress of the skies.

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## Key of A.

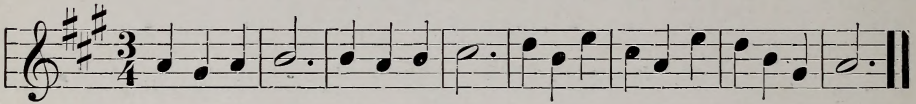
The Scale,

The Scale one octave lower.



The key of A has three sharps. Do is in the second space.

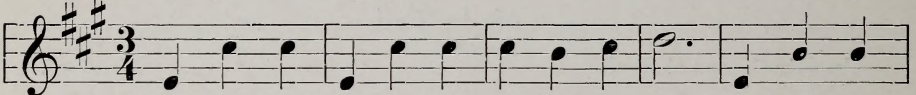
### A Study.



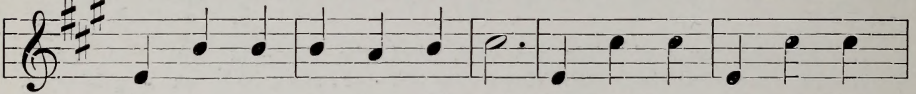
### Dancing Song.

Amelia M. Sontag.

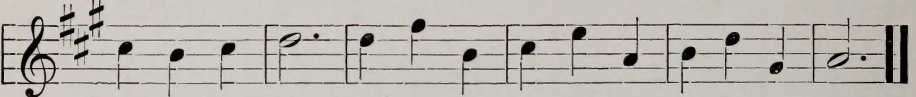
Rhenish Folksong.



1. Whirl-ing and whirl-ing in cir-cles so light, Dan-cing and
2. Hand or-gan's mu-sic's as good as a band, Pavement is



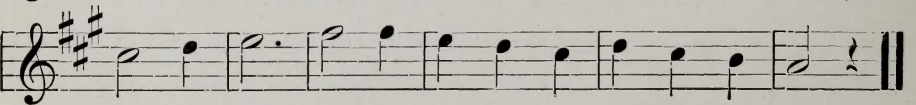
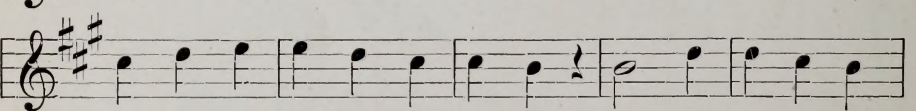
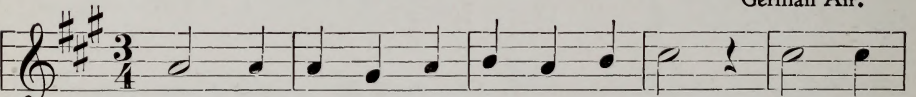
skip-ping from morn-ing till night. One,two,three; one, two, three;  
smooth where we trip hand in hand. One,two,three; one, two, three;



glide to and fro, One,two,three; one,two,three; sing as we go.  
see how we fly, One,two,three; one,two,three; Pol-ly and I.

### A Study.

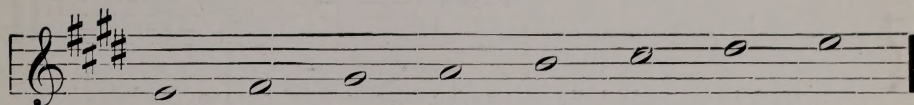
German Air.





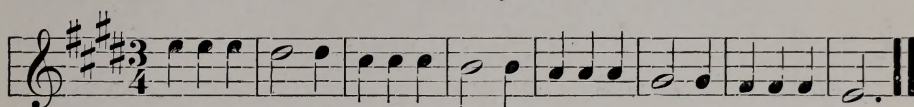
## Key of E.

### The Scale.



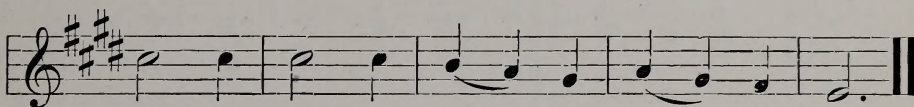
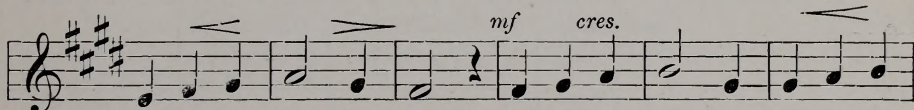
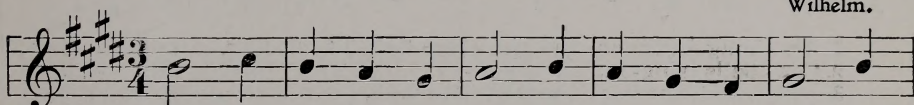
The key of E has four sharps. *Do* is on the first line and in the fourth space.

### A Study.



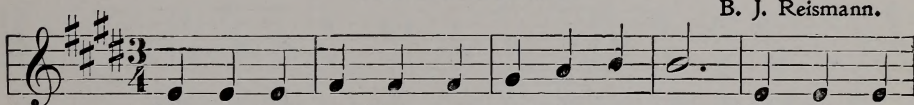
### A Melody.

Wilhelm.

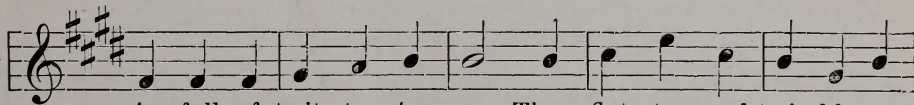


### The Snowbirds.

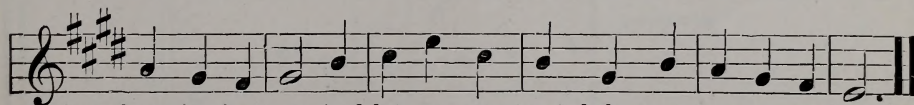
B. J. Reismann.



Ma - ny dear snowbirds come trooping a - long, Mak - ing the



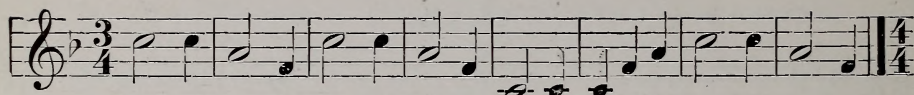
air full of twit - ter - ing song. They flut - ter and twin - kle a -



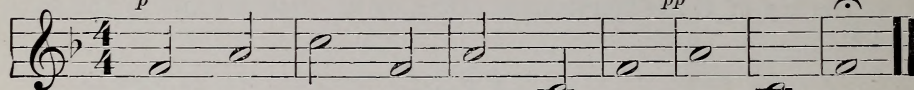
bout in the trees. And let us come tow'rd them as near as we please,

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## Christmas Bells.



Hark ! I hear the bells are ring-ing, Mer-ry Christmas to us bring-ing.

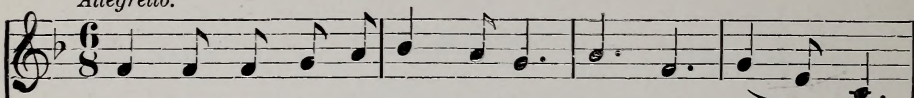


Bim, bom, bim, bom, bim, bom, bell. Bim, bom, bell.

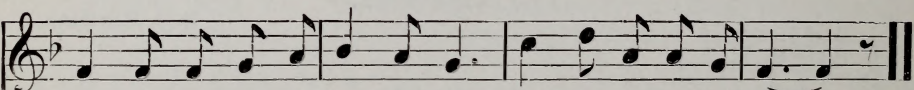
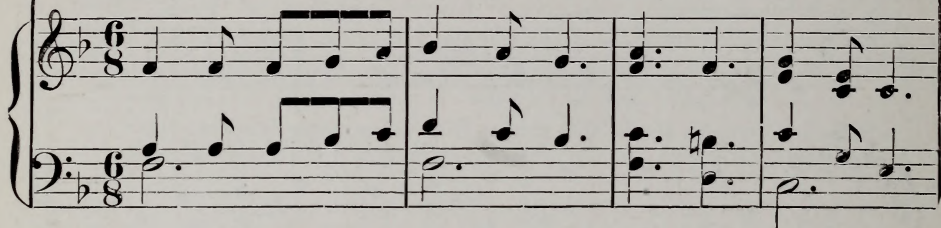
## The Dairy Maids.

James Slocum, by permission.  
*Allegretto.*

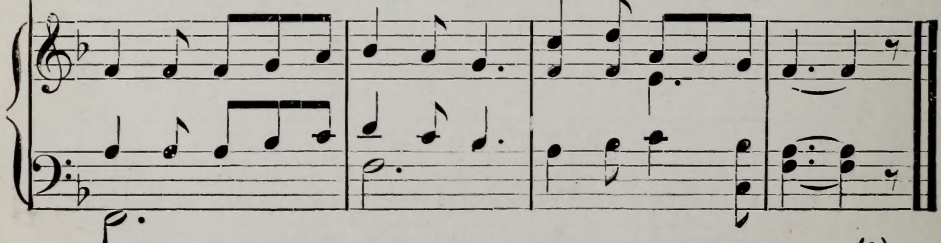
Old English Tune.



- |  |               |                |
|--|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Ev - 'ning light on the pas - ture land,  | Twink - ling, | twink - ling ; |
| 2. Cow - bells ring - ing a sleep - y chime, | Tink - ling,  | tink - ling ;  |
| 3. Sweet and warm is the milk we take,       | Ev - ery      | morn - ing ;   |
| 4. Mak - ing but - ter's the best of fun,    | Churn - ing,  | churn - ing ;  |



Down we go with our pails in hand, Ma - ry, Mol - ly and I. . .  
While we call o'er the meadow thyme, Ma - ry, Mol - ly and I. . .  
When the child - ren be - gin to wake, Ma - ry, Mol - ly and I. . .  
Oh ! we're sor - ry when summer's done, Ma - ry, Mol - ly and I. . .



(9)



# Jacky Frost.

Laura E. Richards.  
By permission of Little, Brown & Co.  
*Allegretto.*

Eleanor Smith.

1. Jacky Frost, Jacky Frost Came in the night, Left the meadows that he cross'd
2. Jacky Frost, Jacky Frost Crept round the house Sly as a sil-ver fox,

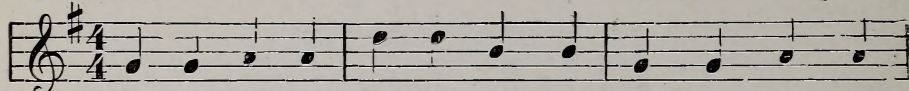
All gleaming white; Painted with his sil-ver brush Ev - 'ry win - dow  
Still as a mouse. Out our lit - tle Jen - ny came, Blushing like a

pane; Kiss'd the leaves and made them blush, Blush and blush a - gain.  
rose, Up jump'd Jack - y Frost, And pinch'd her lit - tle nose.

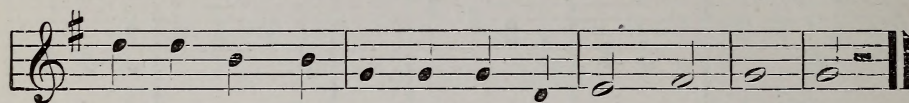
# The Wind.

Traditional.

English.



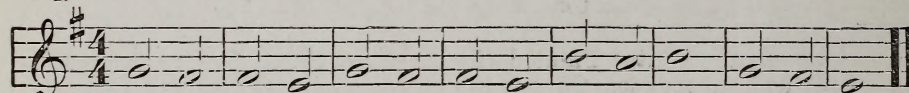
1. When the wind is in the East, It's nei-ther good for
2. When the wind is in the West, The corn and clo-ver
3. When the jol-ly North wind blows, It brings the cold and
4. When the gen-tle South wind blows, The flow'rs their pet-als



man nor beast, It's nei-ther good for man nor beast.  
 grow the best, The corn and clo-ver grow the best.  
 drift-ing snows, It brings the cold and drift-ing snows.  
 all un-close, The flow'rs their pet-als all un-close.

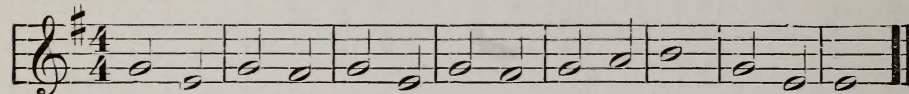
## Wind.

I.



Oo, oo, etc.

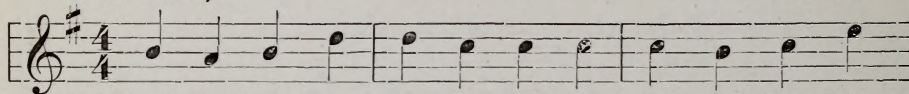
II.



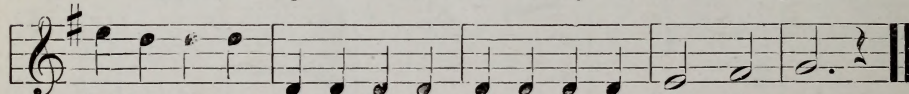
# The Reason Why.

Frederick Manley.

German.



1. Once there was a lit-tle fel-low Gai-ly dressed in
2. Once a lit-tle crim-son clo-ver Used to hear this
3. "Tell me," said the lit-tle clo-ver, "Why you sing the
4. "That's my song of thanks for man-y Dai-ly gifts of



gold-en yel-low ; Zum,zum,zum,zum,Zum,zum,zum,zum, Was his song.  
 jol-ly ro-ver ; Zum,zum,zum,zum,Zum,zum,zum,zum, All day long.  
 same song o-ver ; Zum,zum,zum,zum,Zum,zum,zum,zum,Thro' the hours."  
 sweet-est hon-ey,—Zum,zum,zum,zum.Zum,zum,zum,zum,From the flow'rs."



# The Owl.

Rebecca B. Foresman.

Ethelbert Nevin.

*Moderato.*



1. O round-faced owl, you look so wise, With  
2. I won-der where you got your name For

*mf marcato.*

that large head and those big eyes; But still, I'm sure, you  
wis-dom, tell me whence it came; He looked at me as

nev-cr do A thing but say "To-whit, to-whoo."  
if he knew, But simply said "To-whit, to-whoo."

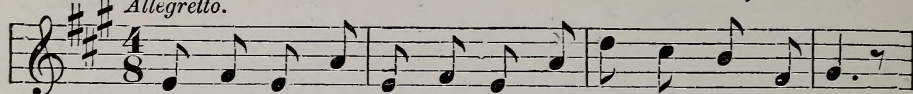
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# Spring is Coming.

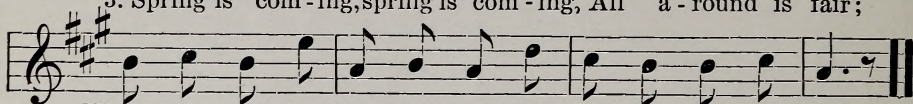
Oxfordshire Children's Song.

J. A. Martin.

*Allegretto.*



1. Spring is com-ing, spring is com-ing, Bird-ies build your nest;
2. Spring is com-ing, spring is com-ing, Flow'rs are com-ing, too;
3. Spring is com-ing, spring is com-ing, All a-round is fair;

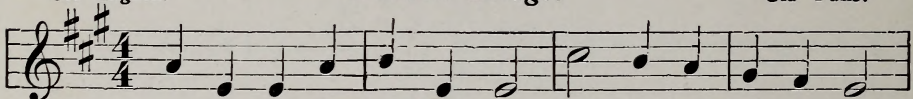


Weave to- geth- er straw and feath- er, Do- ing each your best.  
Pan- sies, lil- ies, daf- fo- dil- lies Now are com- ing through.  
Shim- mer, quiv- er on the riv- er, Joy is ev- 'ry- where.

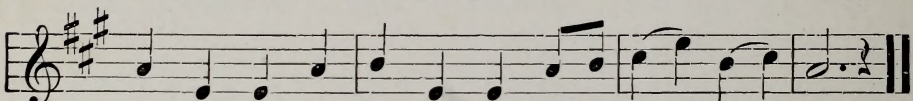
Old English.

## London Bridge.

Old Tune.



1. Lon- don Bridge is bro- ken down, Dance o- ver, La- dye Lea ;
2. Shall we build it up a- gain? Dance o- ver, La- dye Lea ;
3. Gold will all be stole a- way, Dance o- ver, La- dye Lea ;
4. Steel will bend and steel will bow, Dance o- ver, La- dye Lea ;



Lon- don Bridge is bro- ken down, With a gay La- dye.  
Shall we build it up a- gain, With a gay La- dye.  
Gold will all be stole a- way, With a gay La- dye.  
Steel will bend and steel will bow, With a gay La- dye.

5 Wood and clay will wash away,

6 Build it up with stone so strong,

Dance over, Ladye Lea ;

Dance over Ladye Lea ;

Wood and clay will wash away,

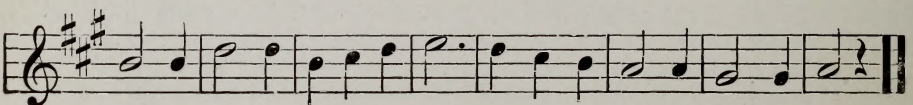
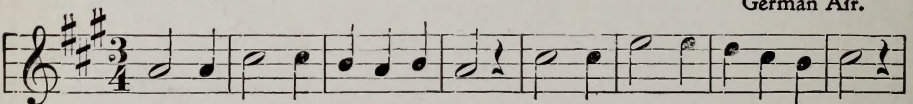
Then 'twill last for ages long,

With a gay Ladye.

With a gay Ladye.

## Lullaby.

German Air.





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